JOHNNY BARRETT'S SLAYER.

LONGOBARDI HELD FOR THE GRAND JURY BY THE CORONER.

The Dend Boy's Father Tries to Reach Lougobardi, and, When Prevented, Says: "Can't You Give Me a Chance ?"-Witnesses Reinte the Story of the Shooting

The Coroners' court-room was filled this orning when the inquest on the death of sixteen-year-old John Barrett was before Coroner Eidman, Young was the son of Policeman mas Barrett, of the Oak street station. On the night of Oct. 16, while defending his isters from the insults of two Italians near the corner of Park row and Roosevelt street, he was shot and mortally wounded by Ginseppe Longobardi, of No. 32 Cherry street.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Longobardi was brought into court. He looked pale, restless and anxions, and kept his gaze fixed on the reporters' table, only raising his eyes each new witness was called. The blow which the dead young man struck him, on the night of the assault, still disfigured his face, a swollen right eye and discolored skin giving evidence of its Longobardi, was dressed just severity. Longobardi, was dressed just as he was on the night of the murder, a red and white striped hand-kerchief rolled about his neck taking the place of collar and tie. His finger kept twisting nervously throughout the hearing. When witnesses described the circumstances of the shooting he moved uneasily in his chair. Following him into court came young Barrett's mother, accompanied by her daughters' Mary, aged eighteen years, in whose defence the young man met his death, and Annie, aged eleven years, who was with her sister at the time of the attack. They were all dressed in deep mourning.

Policeman McNealis was the first witness called. He testified that on the night of Oct. 16 he was attracted to the spot where the murder had been committed by the discharge of the pistol. He saw the prisoner, chased him, caught him and took him to the Oak street police station after being told that he had shot a boy.

Charles Schaug, proprieter of a shooting sallers of No. 132 hears a shooting sallers of No. 133 hears a shooting sallers of No. 134 hears a shooting sallers of No. 134 hears a shooting sallers of No. 135 hears a shooting sal

chased him, caught him and took him to the Gak street, police station after being told that he had shot a boy.

Charles Schaug, proprietor of a shooting gallery at No. 153 Park row, who was next called as a witness, identified the prisoner as one of the two Italians whom he saw at Park row and Roosevelt street on the night of Oct. 16. He also identified the Barrett girls whom he also saw at the same time and place. He heard the companion of the prisoner tell one of the girls in a profane manner to go on home. Then he slapped the prisoner in the face. Longobardi's companion then kicked her.

In the midst of Mr. Schaug's testimony Policeman Barrett, father of the murdered man, entered the court-room unperceived. He walked slowly towards the prisoners' pen before he was seen by the court officials, and then Tombs Keeper Kennedy and one of the court officers stopped him, turned him acout and led him from the room. He objected at first, kept turning about as though desirons of reaching Lingobardi. As the door was opened and he was gently forced outside, he was heard to say incherently: "Can't you give me a chance?"

Then the testimony, which had been interrupted for a moment, was resumed. The witness testified that he saw the prisoner shoot the boy and run. Then the witness ran after him shouting, until the policeman arrived and took the fellow in charge. He saw young Barrett strike the prisoner before the latter shot him.

John Verre, a barber, of 145 Hester street, testified that on the night of the assault he prisoner. He saw one of the girls slap one of the men in the face. He also saw the Italian's companion kick one of the girls in the side. Then the girl called for her brother, who came and struck one of the the litalian's companion kick one of the prisoner. He saw one of the girls slap one of the nen in the face. He also saw the prisoner was held for the Grand Jury.

RARTOGA SAILS TO THE WEST,

SARATOGA SAILS TO THE WEST.

Vessel Was in a Dangerous Place, but Got Away All Right at Sunrise.

[SPECIAL TO EVENING WORLD.] POINT JUDITH, R. I., Oct. 25,-The storm has entirely abated, and the wind is blowing light from the north-northwest. The trainingship Saratoga, which was mistaken for the Portsmouth from the shore, got under way Portsmouth from the shore, got under way at sunrise. She sailed westward, and everything was apparently all right. A great deal of time was required in raising her anchor, as a great deal of chain was needed to prevent her dragging on to the lee shore. Whether the commander of the Saratoga considered the position unsafe or not, it is certain that no mariner sequainted with the coast would have chosen such an anchorage during the gale. It would have been an utter impossibility for any vessel to have made headway off Green Hill Cove in such a storm. Many other vessels lying in the position of the Saratoga would doubtless not have escaped so fortunately.

GOT DRUNK AND WAS KILLED.

er Murder in Sullivan County—Thomas Rynn Found Stubbed.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] EWBURG, N. Y., Oct. 25.-Another murder been committed in Sullivan County. nas Ryan, a bluestone cutter of Pond Eddy, went to Hankins on Sunday in quest of work. He got drunk, and at 8 o'clock 'Sunday night was found stabbed alongside the Erie track. It is said his assailant was an Erie track-hand. No arrests have been made yet. Ryan died Monday. His home was at Jockey Hill, near Kingston. Ulster County.

Story Told by a Bottle.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] SANDWICH, Mass., Oct. 25,-A bottle has been picked up on Sandy Neck Beach, near Barnstable, tightly corked and containing a slip of paper with the following words written with lead

SEPT. 19, 1880,-On board the steamer Sydney SEPT. 19, 1880.—On board the Steady.
Wright.
To whoever may chance to pick this up:
We are about fifty miles off Key West, with
a broken crank-pin and sea running heavy,
at 3 F. M. am afraid we will never reach
home. All well at time of writing, but trust that
some passing vessel may see us and pick us up. If
not, the tale is told. Trusting this may be picked
up.

DENNIS MURPHY. Boston.

Herse and Wagon at the River's Bottom. John Bahrenburg, a milkman, living at No. 150 West Twenty-fifth street, drove to the Erie depot in Jersey City early this morning for a supply of milk from the trains. His horse, white waiting, took fright and tore through the ferry-houses creating a pame among early passengers. The maddened animal plunged over the end of the freight pier into the river, and sank with the heavy wagon. Bolvrenburg lost both horse and wagon.

Coming Events.

The Municipal Council of the Irish National League will meet this evening at Eighteenth street in a Fourth avenue.

The Sam Itohnson Association will give its annual ball at Irving Hall on Saturday evening, Nov. 5. Prof. Sance will furnish the music.

Fro. Metropolitan Stenographers' Association is hold a reunion at its rooms, No. 200 West tempt-third street, on Thursday evening next, nineut stenographers will address the meeting. A fecture before the Young Meu's Hebrew Association will be given at Vinna Hall, Lexington enue and Frity-eighth size, on the evening of h., 1s, By Samuel Greeneusann. A concert will persist the decasion enjoyable.

MURIETTA, THE OUTLAW.

He Was a Happy, Law-Abiding Man Until He Was Goaded into Crime.

[From the San Jose (Cul.) Evening News.]
The following story is told by an old pioneer of California as the cause that led to Joaquin Murietta becoming a bandit and an outlaw. The famous desperado was well known in San Jose, and this county was the scene of many a daring and bloody

When thousands of gold-seekers were pouring

into California from all directions and from all countries, there lived near Sonors, Tuolumne Countries, a young Mexican named Josquin Murietta and his wife Carmelita. They occupied a roughly made but comfortable cabin of three rooms, said all who made their acquaintance were struck most pleasantly with their happy countenances and the many evidences of their devotion to each other. Both were possessed of kindly, happy dispositions, they were intelligent, and the husband spoke lengths with considerable fluency. Murietta was engaged in gardening, and along both sides of a little stream that flowed near the door of his cottage the ground had been carefully cultivated and was covered with numerous vegetables which would soon be ready for market. Vegetables in those days were worth almost their weight in silver, and as the happy gardener worked and planned nto California from all directions and from all

those days were worth almost their weight in silver, and as the happy gardener worked and planned for the futher when he could return with his wife to their native land, he could hear the happy housewife singing some aweet Spanish love-song which he knew was intended for him.

A Mr. Wilson, an American, who had a claim near by, made his home at their cottage, and all three were warm friends. Murietta was deriving an ample income from his garden, and, with the money received from Wilson for board, their prospects were very bright. About this time the gold fever increased in intensity. Men became more selfish and less polished. There was a whirl of excitement, fortunes were loss and won at cards; unurders were of frequent occurrence, and in all excitement; fortunes were lost and won at cards; murders were of frequent occurrence, and in all directions men were roaming the hills and guiches, and their eyes seemed to giare insanely as they peered into every puriling brook and under every boulder for gold. The happy trio at the cottage were not disturbed for some time, but on a beautiful Sanday morning in April Wilson and Joaquin Murletta and his wife were seated outside of the door conversing on their prospects and planning on the future. As they were thus pleasantly building castles like happy children, five rough men appeared a short distance below the cabin, all loaded with mining implements. They halted and commenced prospecting in the stream. The result seemed to be highly satisfactory, for there was a general yell, and active minstream. The result seemed to be highly satisfac-tory, for there was a general yell, and active minlory, for there was a general yell, and active mining operations were at once commenced. The
men, who were from Missouri and had just arrived in the mines, worked almost constantly.
They followed the gold streak up the stream, and
at length approached the beautiful garden, valuable as a gold mine, with its wealth of vegetables
of all varieties. Murleits and the friend Wilson
began to be apprehensive of trouble, and at length
both visited the miners and requested them as a
favor not to mine through the garden, but to go
on the other side until the valuable crop could be
taken off the ground.

on the other side until the valuable crop could be taken of the ground.

They refused to heed the request, and answered roughly that they knew the law. Murietta suggested that Wilson go to town and get legal relief Wilson started and reached town in two hours. It roughly that they knew the law. Murietta suggested that Wilson go to town and get legal relief. Wilson started and reached town in two hours. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when returning he came in sight of the little cottage. He stopped and gazed, but could see no one stound the house. He quickened his pace, while forebodings of some terrible trouble filled his heart. He reached the stream—the miners, with all their belongings, had departed, and tho thought that then filled his half-dazed brain was that his friends had been muriered. His cheek paled, and, leaping over the stream, he ran to the house and burst through the door. He stood appailed at the scene that met his eyes. There on the door, bound hand and foot, lay Murietta. The light of reason seemed to have left his eyes, which stared and rolled like a demon's. Foam was on his lips, and from his throat came incoherent, choking sounds, while his body writhed like a serpent. Bending quickly over the man Wilson cut the ropes. As they fell away Murietta leaped to his feet with a cry of agony, such as Dante alone could describe. He rushed into the bedroom, and there lay his wife apparently dead. Her clothing was torn from her person, and her pallid face told of the awful experience through which she had passed. Murietta threw himself beside her on the bed, and clasping her to his breast cried out: "Mi querida! nit querida!" (My darling! my darling!) Wilson stood faint with horror at the scene, and could not suppress a chill at his heart as the frantic husband now paced up and down the room almost shricking, "I will kill them!" Again and again would her rush into the bedroom with endearing expressions, and then pace like a savage animal up and down the foor of the other room. Wilson realized that it would be no use to enleavor to pacify the man. He had suffered an hour of horror that had burned deeply into his soul. He had witnessed that which had changed his whole nature and blasted his whole life. Wilson tiength went to the bedside where lay the almost g

sician summoned. She was in a long time, but illimately recovered. A week afterwards Wilson learned that two men had been killed near Colombia. Within three weeks three more were murdered. The Mexican's revenge was complete. He had avenged the outrage that had blasted his life and was branded as an outlaw.

Queen Victoria's Economy

The Queen is still in the Highlands, living by wonder that Her Majesty spends so much of the year in retirement in view of the fact that she has crippled that he walks on his knees, was tradging only the following allowances, viz.: £60,000 per year for the privy burse, £131,260 for household salarles, £172,500 for household expenses, £13,200 to give away in charity, and an allowance of £3,000 for sundries, all unappropriated. The rest of her family receive from the country £158,000, and this, however, is but a smail portion of what royalty costs per year. I wonder what the people in America, who growl at the patity \$90,000 per year which is paid to the President in a country which is considered extravagant in allowing foreign ministers from one-third to one-quarter the amount any other first-class Government does, and who consider the Congressman a bloated bondholder on a salary of £1,000 per year, would think if the expenses of the President of the White House amounted to \$2,750,000 per amam. The trouble in our country is that to the Western farmer a dollar looks bigger than a meeting-house, and he does not appreciate the expense of really necessary wants which attach to the establishments of public officers; not that I would recommend to the people of America the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her that the very contract the extravagance where the contract the extravagance which I have desirable above her the extravagance which I have desirable above her the extravagance where the contract the extravagance where the contract the extravagance where the contract the extravagance where the traction of the proper that the traction of year for the privy purse, £131,260 for household officers; not that I would recommend to the peo-ple of America the extravagance which I have de-tailed above, but that they should not go to the other extreme and piace our diplomatic represent-atives in Europe at such an enormous disadvan-tage as compared with their associates represent-ing other Governments less well able than our own, with our big surplus in the Treasury, to pay men a sufficient amount to keep them properly abroad.

The Parisian Dandy.

| From the Boston Herald. The genuine Parisian dude is an exquisite of the first water. His evening dress is a profound study, almost classic in its severity, and yet chic beyond the ken of ordinary humanity. He wears beyond the ken of ordinary humanity. He wears two studes in his shirt front now, and his cont collar and lapels are of dult silk. The length of his conttains might be designated as "bobby," but his waistcoal is buttoned rather higher than it was last winter; his tie indicates genius, and genius almadorned at that, for not a jewelled pin of any sort relieves its immaculateness. Putty colored gloves, without stitching on the back, are worn, and he carriers a cane with an embossed guld knob of a size that renders it impossible to get it in his and he carries a cane with an embossed gold knob of a size that renders it impossible to get it in his mouth. Sucking his cane and putting his hands in his pockets being prohibited this season, dudedoin has to rely on some other means to keep its equi-librium; but just what the Parisian product has adopted remains a secret. Doubtless we shall know in good time.

A Fumous Indian Scout.

(From the St. Paul Pioneer Press,) Clad in the buckskin garments of the frontiersman, with brown, curiy locks dangling about his shoulders, Edward H. Ailison, the famous Indian scout, attracted no little attention as he sauntered simlessly about the corridor of the Merchants las almiessly about the corridor of the Merchanis last night. He had just arrived from Fort Assinaboine, Mon., and to-day he will have a conference with Gen. Sheridan, whose mission to the Northwest is to investigate the reported measiness among the Indians on the Crow Reservation. Allison's career reads like a romantic chapter in the most imaginary, half-lifting Indian tale that was ever written, It was he who planned and ultimately triumphed in capturing Sitting Bull and his nurriering brother (au), whose bloodthirsty decis and cruel rapine are familiar to every schoolboy. Since these exciting times Allison has led a roving life on the plains—a life to which his rearless and adventure-some nature is most strikingly applicable.

Justly Indigunut.

From Harper's Basur Hostess-That was a charming composition

WHISKEY DRINKERS FOOLED

a Very Hard Matter to Deceive Even a Veteran Tippler.

[From the Philadelphia News.] "I tell you no one but a professional whiskey taster can tell good liquors from bad," said a gen-Geman who for years has been engaged in the wholesale business to a Daily News reporter. You and your friends walk up to a bar and inaist upon having a certain bottle set out before you. That particular liquor sults your taste. It may or may not be good whiskey, but, I repeat, no one but professional tasters, or men who have been in the wholesale business for years, can tell beyond question good whiskey from bad whiskey, and I am ready to make the test sny time you may feel like bringing whiskey drinkers here for the purpose.

The reporter wanted to see the lest made at once, and hunted up three men who, from the quantity of fluors they imbibe, should be competent subjects for experiment. One was at the head of a Delaware avenue commission house, another was a Camilen editor, and the third was employed as a writer on Philadelphia papers for several

well," to start with," said the wholesaler,
"Well," to start with," said the wholesaler,
"who among you are able to tell whiskey from
gin with your eyes closed and your noses held
tightly? Well, let's see. Oh, you're ready to bet
ten to one you can, tell, and probably you can, but

ten to one you can tell, and probably you can, but I'll try you just the same."

The Camden editor's eyes were bindfolded and a patent clothespin was placed on his nose. Two small glasses, one containing gin and the other whiskey, were placed in his hands. He swallowed a portion of the whiskey and exclaimed: "That's gin."

The others laughed. They always knew the man who falled knew nothing about fluors. The commission man tried it next. He said the gin was gin, and the chanden man said the nose was not heid tight enough to keep the succli out. The third man tried it three times and was afraid to venture heid tight enough to keep the smell out. The third man tried it three times and was straid to venture ant-pulnon. He was given a giass of water, and he was able to tell what it was immediately, much

he was able to fell what it was immediately, much to the others' surprise.

The commission man tasted each very carefully, and, picking out the \$1,25 whiskey, said:

"This suits my taste best, but this (indicating the \$2 glass) is the best inquor." The Camden editor selected the \$1,25 as the best and the \$1,25 as the worst, but he could do nothing with the other two. The old newspaper writer was almost as helly mixed up as was the commission merchant.

other two. The old newspaper writer was almost as badly mixed up as was the commission merchant.

'Now," continued the wholesale liquor man, this \$1.25 whiskey, which one of you selected, contains only five gallons of whiskey to the barrel. This suits nearly everybody best because it is smoother. There is nothing poisonous in the whiskey, but it is simply cologne spirits, with whiskey, that it is simply cologne spirits, with whiskey, water, &c."

The dealer, in order to convince the men that he had not mixed the whiskeys up for the purpose of fooling them, wiped each glass dry with a towel, and, giving them to one of the men, was able to tell which fluore each glass had contained simply by the smell. There was no smell at all in the glass which had contained the \$1.25 whiskey.

'How often you hear drinkers say: 'Why, this whiskey has been sweetened,' went on the caler.' Now, that is all nonsense, and I'll prove it to you beyond question." He drew a gallon of whiskey from a barrel, just out a bond, which bore the custom-house marks showing that it was ten above proof. Then he called for a pint of syrup. Before mixing the syrup and whiskey he placed a hydromatic build in the measure and it sans no further than the ten degree mark above the circle marked.' 'P." for proof. Then the pint of syrup was poured into the gallon of whiskey and the testing-bulb immediately sank to ten degrees below the proof mark.

'You plainly see that if the wholesaler was to sweeten his whiskey he would just reduce it twenty degrees in the valuation of the retailer, whose only means of testing is the hydrometer.''

Several other tests of the ability of the old drinkers to distinguish between the good and the bad liquors were made, and in each ustance the wholesaler's declaration that the average whiskey drinker don't know what he is drinking was pretty clearly proven.

clearly proven.

A Lightning Hair Cut.

[From the Chicago Journal,] As I was entering a downtown barber-shop the other day a gawky-looking countryman dashed by me, and plunging into the first vacant chair, said: "Gimme a quick shave; I'm in a hurry." The barber spread the calleo wrapper over the connitryman's breast, and as he tucked it in, said; "Hair
cut, sir?" "Hain't got time," answered the man,
"Wouldn't take but a couple of minutes," said
the barber, persuasively, as he reached for a pair
of scissors. "Mean ter tell me you kin cut my
hair in two minutes—no, nor in ten, nuther,"
"Oh, yes," quietly said the barber, "I could do
it in five." "Ret you \$5 you can't," said the countryman explosively, "an' that's a dollar a minute."
The boss barber nodded to indicate that the
bet might be taken up, and the workman, as he
quietly slipped one of those close-clipping machines on to the head-rest back of the chair, said,
"Done." The boss-came over, and just as the
minute-hand of the clock pointed to the even
quarter time was called. In about two seconds
the barber had run the machine up from the back
of the countryman's neck to the top of his head,
"Hold on!" velicd the man, as he jumped from
the chair; "what's that yer cuttin my hair with—
a jack-plane?" With the aid of a hand-mirror he
viewed the bare strip on the back of his head, and
concluded that he had lost the bet. The barrier
pocketed the V, and concluded his work of beautifying the stranger, who said on leaving the place;
"Next time I come to Chicago I'll start early
enough to get shaved without makin any foot
bluffs." barber spread the calleo wrapper over the country

An Affecting Incident

Pedestrians on Woodford avenue were treated to simple fashion on her limited income. It is no a singular and affecting incident has evening. ding along in the opposite direction on his stimps. They did not observe each other until the sailor at-

They did not observe each other until the sailor attacked the lad. The askault was so sudden that it was all over before anybody had a chance to buler-fere, "What do you mean by this?" demanded a bystander of the man.

"The bod is mocking me," replied the sailor.
Then he got a good look at the little fellow's legis and cried: "What, so you are a cripple like me! My God, boy, forgive me. I thought you were mocking."

The tears coursed down a check brouzed by sun and wind and possibly hardened by sin. "Oh, I wouldn't a-done it if I'd a-known, for these two bands, and they're all I've got left. I ask your pardon, my boy. I ask your pardon."

Then the adult cripple hobbled on. The boy gathered up his papers that had been strewn gathered up his papers tant had been strewn around in the struggle, and, wiping away the tears that had filled his eyes as the sallor was speaking, crawled on down the street, but not before handfuls of coin had been showered on both the unfortunates.

was sixteen years old, for him to go to a boarding school. His mother was finally prevailed upon to give the boy up, and arthough the father hated the idea as much as the mother, still he felt that his duty must be done, and so, ordering he family carriage, the trunk was strapped on behind and amid the hamentations of the mother the journey was commenced, and only ended in a town about sixteen tailes away. The trunk having been delivered at the school, the father with tears, and as though his heart would break, bade Jack farewell, not expecting, of course, to see him until the usual vacation. The journey back was a said one to the father, and he wished a hundred times that his boy was at home to welcome him. What was his astonishment, upon reaching the family mansion, to see his son jump off the earriage, having ridden the whole sixteen miles on behind. Jack had no idea of being left at school. The father seemed as giad to see him as the mother, and the next day the trunk was sent for, and Jack's education at a boarding-school was abandoned. idea as much as the mother, still be felt that his

For a Lost Grave.

(From the Toleto Binds.)

Recently wandering through the village cometery, I noticed a granite slab leaning against the white board fence and inquired of a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked ten-year-old girl who had volunteered to conduct me safely through the cemetery, the meaning of the tombstone leaning against the

fence.

"That," she replied, "is for a lost grave,"

"But what do you mean by a lost grave?"

"Oh, the story is that years and years ago a little boy siled and the family didn't have the may;" to erect a monument over the grave. So they drove a stake down and after awhile moved away. They are wealthy now but when they came back with the monument and were ready to put it up at the grave of the little boy they couldn't find the grave. That's the story. Isn't it a sad one?"

A Million-Dollar Baby.

[From the Dence, Republican.] The infant daughter of James Patrick, for whose recovery a suit has been pending in St. Louis, has just been brought to Denver, and is now in the

near Littleton. When he was preparing it for occupancy he, with his wife and child, were residing at Skelton's ranch, adjoining his property. His wife was in ill health, and to seek a warmer climate she went to Canon City, taking with her the little child. Mr. Patrick did not accompany them. The marriage had not from the first met the approval of his wife's relatives, a wealthy family of St. Louis, and during Mr. Patrick's absence a sister of Mrs. Patrick went to Canon City, and the next heard of his family was that his wife and child, accompanied by his sister, had gone to St. Louis, where in a few days Mrs. Patrick had died, not, however, until a suit for divorce had been instituted in the St. Louis courts on the grounds of cruelty and desertion. The little girl after the death of her mother was taken in charge by its grandmother. Mrs. McManus, and, notwithstanding solicitations and entreaties from her father, kept secluded and safe from the hands of Mr. Patrick and his attorneys.

Heys.

A suit for the possession of the girl followed, and a few weeks ago was decided in Mr. Patrick's favor. As before stated, the little girl is now at home. Litigation is not over, however. Another sait is to be brought by Mr. Patrick for the recovery of \$50,000 left by his wife, and which is now in the hands of the McManus family. In the mean time Mr. Patrick has commenced labor on his ranch and resumed building operations.

Mrs. Wilcox's New Yord Home.

(From a Sew York Letter.)
Eita Wheeler Wilcox has rented a handsome flat on West Sixtleth street, and will make New York her home during the winter. She has already surrounded herself with a company of literary people, and the coming season will doubtless witness many a pleasant and notable social gathering in her new city home. Sprightly in conversation, agreeable in her manners, and full of youth and vivacity. Elia Wheeler makes friends and retains them with perfect ease. She is a thorough host, and entertains callers with a tact that is at host, and entertains callers with a tact that is at once magnetic and pleasing. Her rooms are tastedily and richly furnished, the walls being covered with portraits and paintings, while every corner of mantel and fancy stand is made a resting place for some delicate plece of brica-brac. Fond of company and friends, she is scarcely ever alone in her home, and at present has living with her a charming protegé. Miss Fannie Régar Thomas, who shares the tastes of the poetess in her work, and is herself attaining flattering success as a writer. Living but a block from Central Park, Mrs. Wilcox can often be seen with Miss Thomas walking through its paths or raising the dust of its drives behind a spritted horse. Her home life is in every respect beauting, and she who writes so amorously of love and kisses receives an abundance of both from a proud and devoted husband.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

A few days ago a mongrel canine found a lodgment in some mysterious way on the stone ledge which runs around the second story of the County Building. The ledge is about three feet wide and a man can easily walk around on it. All efforts to catch the dog or drive him off were in vain, and the poor animal must have remained there three or four days without food or drink. Yesterday a bailiff in Judge Gary's Court determined to 'dielodge the poor brute, and got a long window-pole, with which he started to punch the animal. The frightened dog gave a flying leap through the air, and everybody who saw the performance thought he would certainly be dashed to death on the stone sidewalk below, but not so. A pedestrian, who was innocently promenading on Clark street, caught the full force of the fall on his new slik hat. Of course the hat was rulned, and as he pulled the 'dicer' from over his cars and ruefully looked at it, he exclaimed: ''I wouldn't have cared if it had been a section of cornice, for everybody knows the—Court House is liable to fall at any minute, but to have a dog fall on me—.' The victim could say no more, his feelings sere too strong for utterance. He wasn't hurt, nor was the dog, and the last seen of the animal he was making a streak toward the North Side. a man can easily walk around on it. All efforts to

Peppermint, Hops and Celery.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletia,)
Few people using peppermint or the extract ever stop to think of its origin. Wayne County, N. Y., supplies pretty much all the peppermint oil that is used in the United States. Miles upon miles of the land there are devoted to the cultivation of peppermint, and the experienced traveller always knows he is nearing Wayne by the refreshing odor knows he is nearing Wayne by the refreshing offer that reaches him in advance. Every farm has its peppermunt field, and no part of the acreage is more prolitable. Onondaga County, N. Y., is a great hop centre, hundreds of tons being annually raised and sold to the beer brewers. Canandaigua is noted for its grapes. All the country surrounding the pretty lake town as far as the eye can reach is covered with vineyards, and the air is heavy with the delicious perfume of the fruit. Thus far this year Canandaigua has sent to market 1,300 tons of grapes. The valley of Chemung, not far beyond the Fernasivania boundary, is famous for its celery, the heavy black, rich soil being especially adapted to its cultivation.

Foley's Cadaver Proved Valuable. (From the Allenqueryne (N. M.) Pittien.)

About two years ago a poor unfortunate named Foley died in this city. He was without money or friends and his death hardly created a ripple in the every-day current of local life. His body was embalmed by old man Morrison, who was conducting an undertasting shop in the city at the time. No one appearing to claim Foley's radsver, and the county refusing to pay the expenses of embalming and burial, Morrison kept the body and it turned to a beautiful managany color and but fair to last forever. When Morrison moved to El Paro he took the relic of the county and a constant of the following the contract of the constant of the contract of t had be embaliner moved on westward to San Diego, aking Foley along. At the latter city a origin longly prnetrated Morrison's brain—no less a original had excited by Foley's body as a 'Mexican

Mrs. Bingham's Wonderful Evesight.

(From the Orlands | Wist) Northerniers.]
Mrs. Dr. Bingham is said to have the clearest vision of any tady in Oskosh. In speaking this week concerning the sight of people in general, Dr. Searles said that in ditteen years he had examthe other or only one person who had such perfect vision as Mrs. Hingham. That person was George Fellows, of New Orleans. Mrs. Hingham a vision is two and one-half thees stronger than normal. To thus rat : If a person with ordinary cyesight could see one units on a clear morning. speaking, crawled on down the street, but not before handfults of coin had been showered on both the unfortunates.

To School and Return.

[Prom the Books Regards.]

A gentleman on the lack Ray, possessing an only son, it was finally decided that it was thue, a stack was sixteen years old, for him to go to a boarding.

Why Conferences Are Held.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)
In John M. Buckley, the editor of the Christian Advocate, as a humorist as well as one of the ablest Methodists in the country. The doctor can get need loads of fun out of the " secular press," At meeting of the Methodist Conference this studies the doctor read an extract from the item to the octor read an extract from the item to this effect that the General Methodist afference w.s. called to select a successor to v. John L. Piner, the passor of the fleaneph mane M. E. Church, Amid the shouts of laugh-Dr. Buckley said.

This remains are of what I heard two news. This reminds me of what I heard two news-say in Hartford, Conn., under the shadow of Say, Mickey, wat's all dem preachers a comin' Don't yer know? Dat's easy,

'No, wat's it fer?! 'So's they kin swap der sermons. See?'" Somewhat Fond of Dancing.

(From the Houston (Tex.) Herald.) There is a man in Montgomery County who is entitled to the belt as the most ardent admirer of the terpsichurean art. A few weeks ago he was in the quiet possession of a happy home with a wife in the quiet possession of a happy home with a wife and four children to cheer his weary way through life, but he suddenly became very fond of danc-ing. He attende, all the dances given in the negnborhood ass still yearned for more. In order to taske himself an expert in the art he sold his farm and teams and walked afteen miles every day to take dancing lessons. Last week the danc-ing school closed. This morning he came to Hous-ton in search of another dancing school, and when he learned there was none here, the poor fellow exhibited signs of uncontrollable grief and left town immediately.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)
Professor (who is taking dinner with the family, to Johnny, who has just entered)-My good lad, what studies are you now pursuing ? Hostess—That was a charming composition,
Herr sweitzel. Was it original;
Herr sweitzel. Was it original;
Was it original;
Herr sweitzel (who has been playing one of Chopin's most famous concertos amid general and well-austained conversation)—Ohf it vos nod more orichinals den dot gompliment I vould it tear Gop!

Johnny (respectfully)—Algebra, sir, and European history; Latin, and rhetoric, pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of Mr. Patrick's relatives at his home pean history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of the child goes a fortune variously estimated at from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000.

The circumstances of the alleged abduction are yet fresh. Mr. Patrick has an extensive ranch Johnny (respectfully)—Algebra, sir, and European history; Latin, and rhetoric, and selected the possession of the posses

A Much-Whipped Clergyman.

[New York Letter to Indianapolis News.]

A man of venerable aspect walked past John L Sullivan in Broadway. The contrast in physique

and apparent mentality was vast. "I say, John," remarked a companion of the prize-fighter, "there goes the most whipped man

"Yes, a professional clergyman." was the reply. "He is Calvin Fairbanks, and he has received over thirty thousand lashes on his bar-

ceived over thirty thousand lashes on his bare back."

There is no exaggeration in that statement. Fairbanks was involved in the escape of nearly half a hundred negro staves from Kentucky. He was convicted of forty-seven of these acts—or crimes, the law said—and sentenced to imprisonment and whipping separately for each. Between 1844 and 1862, when Lincoln released him, he was regularly whipped every month. He now lives at Friendship, N. Y., but sometimes comes to town to visit his fellow ministers who congregate at the Methodist Book Concern. His official whippings were only severe at the outset, and during the last ten years of his imprisonment amounted to hardly anything in physical torture, although degrading to his pride.

APOLOGY

PUBLIC

Hannigan[‡] Bouillon 243 and 245 Grand St.

The immense crowds that thronged ou establishment yesterday and to-day to take advantage of the

GREAT

turers, 402 Broadway. sold at Sheriff's Sale at 25 cents on the dollar, great vexceeded our expectations, and though we had 75 salesmen in our Cloak Department, we found them altogether inadequate to wait upon half the customers, and for want of space we colud only show a portion of the goods. We therefore regret our inability to wait on all, and hereby announce that on Wednes-day morning, Cct. 26, we will have on an extra force of salesmen, and have the goods arranged so that every one can be waited on without de'av. The wonderfu bargai-s at this mammoth sale aston ishes the best judges.

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Procured for widows, children, mothers, fathers or no pay. Fitzgerald & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

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ENGLISH JACKETS, PLAIN, CHECK AND STRIPED CLOTHS, MADE FOR THE BEST CITY RETAIL TRADE, AT A REDUCTION OF

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TRIMMED WITH JET, QUILTED SATIN LINING.
NO. 2. ENGLISH SEAL PI.USH JACKET,
SATIN LINED, TRIMMED AROUND BOTTOM,

For \$18.98.

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Elegant Clothing for Children, JUST HALF PRICE! Latest styles most durable fabrics. BEAUTIFUL CAPE OVER-COATS, \$1.50. Knee Pants, strong and serviceable, 29 CENTS! 4,000 Children's ALL-WOOL SUITS, will wear like iron, \$2.99. THIS WEEK ONLY.

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TUESDAY. NOV. 1.

These bends are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three itmes venty. Every bond is entitled to THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY, until each and every bend is reder me with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of he following premiums, as there are no BLANKS.

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BROOKLYN, March 9, 1897.

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